

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Cheyenne McCray

Stranger

in My

Stocking

ELLORA'S CAVE

Quickies

Wild Winter

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Stranger in My Stocking

ISBN # 1-4199-0808-1

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Stranger in My Stocking Copyright© 2006 Cheyenne McCray

Edited by Sue-Ellen Gower.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication: December 2006

This book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any means existing without written permission from the publisher, Ellora's Cave Publishing, Inc.® 1056 Home Avenue, Akron OH 44310-3502.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters are productions of the authors' imagination and used fictitiously.

Content Advisory:

S - ENSUOUS

E - ROTIC

X - TREME

Ellora's Cave Publishing offers three levels of Romantica™ reading entertainment: S (S-ensuous), E (E-rotic), and X (X-treme).

The following material contains graphic sexual content meant for mature readers. This story has been rated E-rotic.

S-ensuous love scenes are explicit and leave nothing to the imagination.

E-rotic love scenes are explicit, leave nothing to the imagination, and are high in volume per the overall word count. E-rated titles might contain material that some readers find objectionable – in other words, almost anything goes, sexually. E-rated titles are the most graphic titles we carry in terms of both sexual language and descriptiveness in these works of literature.

X-treme titles differ from E-rated titles only in plot premise and storyline execution. Stories designated with the letter X tend to contain difficult or controversial subject matter not for the faint of heart.

STRANGER IN MY STOCKING

Cheyenne McCray

Chapter One

*New York City
Christmas Eve*

A blizzard raged outside the hotel as Alyson Charmaine sipped her glass of chardonnay in the hotel lounge. The swirling snow blocked her view of New York City's Fifth Avenue. She sighed. Christmas Eve and she was trapped in a hotel full of strangers.

Then *he* walked in from out of the storm.

The man dusted snow from his dark hair, shrugged out of his black leather jacket and tucked it under one arm. Snow floated from the jacket onto the red carpet at his feet.

He strode across the hotel lobby with masculine grace, his movements fluid and powerful. A man of confidence. A man in control.

A man surely to *die* for in bed.

Alyson shivered and her nipples peaked against her silk blouse as she watched him check in at the reservations desk. She sat secluded at a corner table in the lounge—waiting for a member of the staff to inform her that her room was ready—and from her vantage point she had a perfect view of Mr. Wet Dream.

Everyone who knew Alyson thought she was a driven-toward-success corporate lawyer, cool and reserved. And she was—on the surface. Within, she was anything but refined. Inside she was hot and passionate, full of lust, and so darn horny right now she could use an extra large package of batteries just to keep her vibrator at the ready.

If she told her friends that her fantasy was to make love all night long with a total stranger, they would never believe it. Mmmm, what a Christmas present Mr. Incredible would be. A little bondage perhaps, some whipped cream...

Yeah, I'll take that stranger in my stocking.

A sigh of sheer lust spilled through Alyson's lips as she stared at the man whose black hair curled at the collar of his T-shirt. His hair would feel soft between her fingers, a stark contrast to the ruggedness of his features and his body. She sipped her chardonnay, her panties growing damper by the second as she imaged how he would look beneath his black T-shirt and blue jeans. Not an ounce of fat would be on his tanned, chiseled frame. With those snug jeans on, she could tell his thighs were strong and athletic, and she'd bet her favorite vibrator—which was damned expensive—that his cock was long and thick enough to fill her completely.

Heat flushed through her at the thought of what it might feel like to trace her tongue along his square jaw to his ear, to see the contrast of his olive complexion next to her fair skin. To have his muscled chest against her breasts, abrading her nipples. His trim hips between her thighs, her nails digging into his back as he fucked her—

The man glanced over his shoulder and looked straight at her.

A slow, sensual smile curved his lips...as if he'd heard every erotic thought in her mind. The warmth Alyson had been feeling before was nothing compared to the fire that licked across her skin when his gaze met hers.

Those eyes. *Oh, my god.* The most incredible crystalline blue she had ever seen.

Alyson's mind went completely blank, every sane thought scattered like snow in the blizzard raging outside the hotel. She couldn't take her eyes from his, couldn't break the spell that bound her to him.

He turned away, severing the connection.

Her heart beat so fast it pounded in her ears—what the hell just happened? She knew she should stop staring, but she couldn't. As the man spoke with the reservation clerk, he leaned against the desk and Alyson got a side view of him giving the young woman a charming smile. Alyson's belly clenched.

Jealous. She was jealous over a man she didn't even know.

A man she desired more than anything. If she had the guts she'd go right up to him and proposition him.

Yeah, right.

So much for being a nothing-gets-in-my way kind of woman.

"Ms. Charmaine?" A deep voice sliced into Alyson's thoughts, and she jerked her attention toward a white-haired man who stood beside her table.

Slowly she relaxed her hand that had been clenched around the stem of her wineglass, and she offered the older gentleman a smile. "Yes, Mr...?"

"Claus." He returned her smile, and his winter blue eyes twinkled. "We apologize for the delay. A room has been prepared especially for *you*."

Alyson quirked an eyebrow at the emphasis on "you".

"Gifts from the hotel staff await you in your room." Mr. Claus held out his hand, and in it was an old-fashioned key that looked to be made of silver. What, no electronic key card? "I'm sure you'll find everything to your satisfaction," he added as he slipped the key into her palm. "Merry Christmas, Alyson Charmaine."

The key felt cold as ice. An intricate snowflake was engraved onto its surface, the design surrounding the number 69.

"Thank—" She broke off when she glanced up to see that Mr. Claus was already gone. Almost as if he had vanished.

Her gaze turned back to where the godlike hunk had been standing at the reservation desk, only to see that he was no longer there.

"Merry Christmas to me, all right." Alyson sighed as picked up her glass—she might as well finish her wine. She raised her chardonnay in a mock toast. "Here's to me and another cold night with my vibrator."

* * * * *

Greg Ellington strode out of the elevator and headed to his room, his thoughts still on that sexy blonde he'd seen in the lounge. Damn, but she was cute. Too bad she'd

been busy talking to the white-haired elderly man by the time he'd gotten the key to his room. He'd thought about offering to buy her a drink—anything to get a moment alone with her. He had the feeling she'd be a hellcat in bed.

And he'd more than enjoy taming her.

He reached the door to his suite and couldn't help but grin as he thought about those vivid green eyes that had locked with his. The woman was fire, beauty and sizzling passion all rolled into one delectable package. With the blizzard trapping everyone in the hotel, maybe he'd get a chance to meet her in the lounge or in one of the hotel's restaurants.

After he let himself into his suite, the warmth of a fire blazing in a brick fireplace flowed over him, along with Christmas music playing in the background. For a moment the thought of a fireplace in a hotel gave him pause, but then he realized it was a gas one designed to create atmosphere. It would be great if he had someone to share it with. And he could think of just the sexy little someone he wished he'd had the chance to talk to.

Blew that opportunity, big-time.

Greg shook his head, adjusted his cock in his jeans and headed straight to the bathroom. He ignored the bottle of champagne, basket of fruit, and packages scattered across on the parlor table.

Did he ever need a long, hot shower to thaw out. Up until today he'd done a pretty good job of avoiding snow, and wasn't used to cold weather. When the freak blizzard hit New York City, he'd just flown into La Guardia from a business meeting in Atlanta. Supposedly only long enough to change planes and catch a flight to his villa in Spain where he would have been spending the holidays with his parents.

Well, at least he'd been able to get transportation to a decent hotel—small, but rather luxurious. Although the van that had picked him up had been strange, in the shape of an enclosed sleigh—and the guy driving it had looked a lot like an elf.

When Greg reached the bathroom, he flipped on the light, tossed the silver hotel

key onto the vanity, and toed off his shoes. So much for Christmas in Spain. Here he was, his luggage lost somewhere at La Guardia, and he was trapped in an obscure hotel in the middle of a snowstorm on Christmas Eve.

If only he had that fascinating little blonde to fill his stocking and warm his bed.

* * * * *

A suite? Alyson pushed open the door, her eyes wide with amazement at the opulence of her room. When Mr. Claus said she'd be satisfied, he wasn't kidding. The only thing missing in this room was a handsome stud to enjoy it with.

One with incredible blue eyes.

Alyson let the door close behind her and tossed her overnight bag and purse onto a red velvet chair, and the silver key onto an end table beside a settee that matched the chair and other furniture in the room. The room smelled of cinnamon, cloves and oranges, a Christmas smell that brought back memories of countless holidays with her large family. When the blizzard hit, she'd been on her way to the Hamptons to spend Christmas with her folks, along with all her brothers, sisters, nieces and nephews. This would be the first Christmas with her family that she'd missed in ages.

Well, at least they wouldn't be able to bug her about finding a guy, getting married and having kids.

There was even an artificial fireplace, its fire crackling and popping, sending welcome heat into the room. To either side of the hearth hung red velvet stockings—one with a *G* embroidered in gold, the other with an *A* in silver. Harry Connick Jr. belted out Christmas songs in the background, his sexy voice bringing to mind the man in the lobby. She bet he had a sexy voice too.

Alyson tugged off her high-heeled leather boots and stripped off her silk blouse and slacks, down to her matching red lace bra and thong. The thick cream carpet felt luxurious beneath her feet as she padded toward the table to see what goodies the hotel had left. A beautiful gift basket was filled with loaves of pumpkin and nut breads, a box

of the best chocolates in the world, an assortment of cheese and crackers, fresh strawberries, apples, oranges and bananas. Oooh, and a fat jar of fudge and a can of whipped cream.

Next to the basket an unlit candelabra graced the table, along with a lighter, a bottle of champagne, and several packages of various sizes wrapped with red or green foil and festive bows. Intrigued, Alyson lifted the cover of the largest one. Her eyes widened and her jaw dropped.

Maybe someone else's gifts had been delivered to her room?

But she couldn't resist taking a peek. In the first package, she found unopened boxes and packages of BDSM toys, including a red and green leather flogger. Whoa. Talk about a Christmas gift! It also held red leather wrist and ankle cuffs, a red leather collar, a silver, linked leash with again, red leather for the handhold. As she continued to dig through the box, she discovered a few other interesting items, like a green butt plug and a matching green vibrator.

Something fun she found was a red and green swirled glass cock and a tube of lubricant—she recognized the glass piece for what it was since she'd been with Jan to some sex toy shops. It was hard, thick glass, smooth, and shaped like a cock, that could be used in a variety of ways, and completely safe.

A pair of what looked like dangling matching green earrings were lying on the bottom of the box, only they had weird loops where the catch should be. She glanced at the last item in the box and couldn't help a snicker when she found a box of red and green condoms too.

But her light laughter quickly turned into a sigh of desire. Unfortunately, *those* wouldn't be used in this room. She sighed again. Nor would the other items in the box.

Alyson's best friend, Jan, was a Dominatrix and had managed to convince Alyson to go to a couple of the BDSM clubs. Even though Alyson was a high-powered lawyer, when it came to sex she'd never been aggressive. Her desires had been, but *she* wasn't.

Jan told her she was a born submissive, which at first had irritated Alyson. But

when she'd done some research on the internet, she'd learned that a lot of powerful women were ball-busters by day, but submissive when it came to sex. The women had control over so much in their lives that it gave them pleasure to exchange power and give up that control in the bedroom.

But even though she'd been to the clubs, she'd never found a Dom she had any interest in whatsoever.

She shook her head. How odd to find a box with all these items in her room. It would have been a big turn-on if she'd had someone to share them with. Someone who knew his way around a flogger.

Alyson left the lid off the first box and opened the second. It was filled with fine silk scarves, also in Christmas colors.

Smiling, she took a green scarf and moved in front of the fireplace. Closing her eyes, she tilted her head back, feeling the slide of her hair against her shoulders, and swayed to the sound of Connick's sensual voice. She eased the scarf across her skin, over her bare waist to her thighs, imagining the brush of silk was the stranger's caress.

Alyson was so turned on and so wet that she knew all she'd have to do was touch herself and she would come.

* * * * *

After a long and very hot shower, Greg felt a whole lot warmer, but he couldn't stop thinking about the gorgeous blonde he'd seen in the lobby. Couldn't stop thinking about how her nipples had been large and obvious through her thin silk blouse, how her lips had been moist, like she'd just licked them, how her green eyes had simmered with sensuality.

With his thoughts on her, he'd almost ended up taking a very *cold* shower.

Greg dried off his hair and body with one of the hotel's thick towels then tossed it onto the rack. After combing his hair with his fingers, he headed back through the bedroom toward the parlor. If he wasn't mistaken, there had been a basket of food on

the table, and he was —

Starving.

He came to an abrupt stop in the doorway to the parlor. A nearly naked woman was in his hotel suite, dancing to the Christmas music.

The blonde from the lobby.

His cock hardened *way* beyond the point of pain as he watched the woman's erotic dance. She wore a tiny red thong and a skimpy red lace bra. Her eyes were closed and she was sliding a green scarf across her skin, like it was a lover's caress. With the red of her thong and bra, along with the green scarf, she looked like a Christmas present.

Talk about one hell of a gift, all tied up with a bow.

Leaning against the doorframe, Greg crossed his arms and watched the blonde. He'd never been a one-night stand kind of guy, and he liked to get to know a woman before taking her to bed...but all he could think about was stripping off that tiny lace thong with his teeth, thrusting his cock in her pussy, and hearing her passionate cries.

* * * * *

Alyson smiled as she imagined the stranger touching her. His hands would feel rough but his caress soft as he slid his fingers over her bare flesh. She could just feel him cupping her breasts then sucking each of her nipples before licking her pussy. Maybe he'd even tie her up and flog her, and she'd live a couple of fantasies at once.

Sex with a stranger combined with a little BDSM. Maybe a lot. Of both.

A tingling sensation traveled over her skin. It was almost like the stranger was in the room, right there with her. Watching her.

She opened her eyes, and froze in mid-dance.

The man. The one from the lobby. The drop-dead gorgeous hunk of a man.

He was standing in the doorway to the bedroom, leaning against the frame, his hair damp—he'd obviously just taken a shower. His expression was one of both amusement...and desire. Definitely desire.

When she dropped her gaze from his face, down his incredibly muscled chest to his trim hips and powerful thighs, she realized that he was naked. Completely, gloriously naked, and yes...*very* aroused.

And did he ever have a package worth unwrapping.

He cleared his throat and Alyson's eyes snapped back to his face. Heat flooded her, and she knew without a doubt she had turned as red as one of those Christmas gifts on the table. Realizing she was almost as naked as he, she straightened and clutched the green silk scarf to her chest, as though it was enough to hide her.

"Can I help you?" His voice was just as deep and sexy as she'd imagined it to be, with an exotic accent that made her even wetter than she already was.

"Ah..." She swallowed. What she really wanted to say was, *Oh, my god, can you ever help me. Right here. Right now.* But instead she managed a weak, "What—what are you doing in my room?"

"Yours?" The man quirked an eyebrow, and damned if it didn't make him look even sexier.

She frowned. "My key is right there on the end table. Room 69."

He gave her his devastatingly sexy smile. "Apparently the hotel gave us the same room."

His blue gaze slowly traveled over her, from her face to the scarf she clutched to her breasts, to her thighs, down to her bare feet. "I'd hoped you were my Christmas present," he murmured, his voice husky as his eyes returned to her face.

Yes, yes, yes! I'm yours! that wanton woman inside her head shouted.

But she was Alyson Charmaine, corporate lawyer, no social life to speak of, and a sex life that consisted of her vibrator and a good erotic romance book.

No. Not this time. This was the opportunity to live her fantasy. To have wild, incredible sex with a total stranger.

And god, what a fantasy this man was. He'd been all she could think about since

the moment she first saw him.

Yet even as she considered the thought of throwing herself at this sexy man, she knew she couldn't do it. Fantasy and reality were two very different things, and she was a wimp, plain and simple.

"Greg Ellington," he said before she could make a run for the door—er, get dressed and run for the door. "And you are...?"

"Alyson...Charmaine." She forced herself to look away from that incredible cock to the old-fashioned white and gold telephone beside the settee. "I-I'd better call the front desk and get another room." Keeping her eyes averted, the scarf clutched to her chest, Alyson started to move past the man.

The room went dark.

Alyson gasped as the power went out. She stumbled over one of her discarded leather boots, then smacked into a hard wall of male flesh.

Very naked, very aroused male flesh.

Chapter Two

Greg caught Alyson to him, saving her from falling, his fingers gripping her arms. She found her hands trapped between them, her palms to his chest.

“Are you all right...Alyson?” His lips were close to her hair, his voice deep and sensual, his rigid cock pressed to her belly.

And god, the way he’d said her name made her want to melt into a sticky pile of goo—and have him lick up every bit of her.

Heat radiated from him and she could smell the almond shampoo he must have used to wash his hair, mixed with his spicy male scent. “I-I’m fine,” she finally said. But the trembling in her body, the way she felt near this man, told her she was anything but fine.

Flames in the hearth crackled and popped, firelight flickering over Greg’s strong features as Alyson looked up at him. His lips were so close to hers she could barely breathe. Could barely think.

What the hell. Cool, reserved, corporate lawyer Alyson Charmaine dropped the silk scarf, wrapped her arms around Greg’s neck and kissed him.

At first Alyson’s move surprised Greg. But then all he could think about was her kiss. He couldn’t believe how soft and luscious her lips were against his, how good she felt in his arms—how *right*. Alyson tasted of spice and wine, and smelled of heaven—like sunshine and orange blossoms.

“Like honey,” he murmured, then nipped at her bottom lip. “So sweet.”

Alyson moaned, opening her mouth to him, and he delved inside. His tongue met hers, a slow erotic dance that fueled the burn under his skin, the desire for her that had been building since the first moment he’d seen her. And now that he had her in his arms, he knew he couldn’t let her go. Not tonight. Perhaps not for several nights. As

long as they were snowed in, she was his.

Moving his lips from her mouth, he trailed soft kisses along her jaw to her earlobe. He gently bit it then murmured in her ear, "I want you, Alyson Charmaine."

"I...don't even know you. And you don't know me." But even as she spoke, she slid her fingers into his damp hair, pressing him closer.

"I feel as if I've known you forever." And he did. Like his soul knew her, and he'd loved her in some other place and time. He grasped her hips as he pressed his cock tighter to her belly. "Tell me to stop, and I will."

* * * * *

Like I've known you forever... Greg's words echoed in Alyson's mind, and somehow she felt it too. Whether it was the magic of the moment, the spirit of Christmas, or perhaps a bit of karma, this moment was meant to be.

She stepped away, and in the firelight saw disappointment in his expression. But when she reached up and unhooked the front clasp of her bra, releasing her full breasts, passion flared even brighter in his gaze.

He brought his hand to her face and traced her jaw with his fingertip. "You are so lovely."

Her lips trembled, so intense was her hunger for this man. When he bent his head and swirled his tongue around her nipple, she couldn't help but cry out from the exquisite sensation. He grasped her waist as he licked and sucked first one nipple, and then the other. His mouth was hot and warm and wonderful.

When she thought she'd die if he didn't touch her wet slit, he raised his head and brought her close to him. All that separated them was the thin barrier of her lace thong. She reached for the waistband of her thong. She wanted it off now, wanted to feel his skin against hers, *needed* to feel him deep within her.

Before she could get rid of it, he caught her hands to him. "Allow me."

He proceeded to ease her thong down, slowly brushing his lips over her belly, her

hip, her thigh, stopping only to nuzzle the soft hair at her mound. She heard his deep inhale as he breathed in her arousal and it caused a fluttering sensation in her belly. He continued pushing her thong farther down her legs and she shivered with every kiss, every flick of his tongue against the inside of her thigh, her knee, and even her ankle.

After she stepped out of her thong there was nothing left between their bodies. Greg eased up until he towered over her again. He stroked her shoulders, trailing his fingers in small circles. In the near darkness, his gaze locked with hers and he murmured, "What is your wildest fantasy?"

You, she thought without hesitation. "*Sexual* fantasy?" she whispered aloud.

He eased his hands down to her ass, squeezing and massaging it. "Anything at all."

Her gaze darted to the table and he moved toward it to look inside the boxes. He gave a low chuckle as he withdrew the wrist cuffs and the collar. "Did you bring these for a special occasion?"

Alyson's face burned. "Those aren't mine. I found them in that box when I opened it."

Smiling, Greg moved closer to her. His breath feathered over her neck and shoulder as he leaned close to her ear. "What would you say if I told you I'm a Dom?"

She jerked back to look into his eyes. "Are you serious?"

The light in his eyes told her before his words did. "I enjoy a good round of BDSM in the bedroom."

"Wow." She sucked in her breath. "But if I let you cuff me, I'll be totally at your mercy."

"Isn't that part of the enjoyment of turning over control?" He slowly dragged the red leather collar over one of her nipples. She grasped his biceps and moaned. "Tell me, Alyson." He moved the collar over her other nipple and she dug her fingernails deeper into his biceps. "What do you *really* want?"

She shivered as he continued to stroke her. "I—" Her gaze flicked to the table, and

back to Greg. "I'd like to be your sub for tonight."

His answering smile was so incredibly sexy that her knees went weak and she melted into him. Her nipples pressed against his bare chest, his hard cock dug into her belly, and she breathed in his intoxicating scent.

A surprised laugh bubbled up within her as he swept her off her feet and into his embrace. Out of sheer reflex, she wrapped her arms around his neck and clung to him as he carried her and set her down so that she was standing beside the gift-laden table.

Shivering with awareness, and perhaps fear of the unknown, Alyson waited as he picked up the lighter and lit each of the candles on the candelabra. Candlelight flickered, casting more shadows across the room, but giving her a better view of his features.

The first thing he brought up to her was the red leather collar. "Will you wear this tonight for me?" he asked, his voice low and husky.

Without hesitation she nodded.

Greg gave her his sexy smile that caused a fluttering sensation in her belly and caused her to grow even damper between her thighs. He fastened the collar around her neck and she felt a strong sense of ownership – that he owned her for tonight.

If the storm held up, maybe longer?

Next he brought the leather wrist cuffs to her. "Turn around." His voice became commanding, dominating. "You are to refer to me as Milord when you respond to me, or you will be punished. I give no second chances."

She shivered, totally turned on by their role-playing. "Yes, Milord," she replied and turned so that her back was to him. He drew her arms behind her, fastened the cuffs around her wrists and linked them so that she couldn't move her arms.

Greg took her by the shoulders and brought her to face him. Jeez, he was handsome. He gestured to an armless chair, the seat a red velvet cushion. "Lie on your belly on that chair."

Alyson worried her lower lip with her teeth as she walked to the chair.

"You have earned your first punishment," he said as she reached it.

Eyes wide, she turned and faced him "What —"

"You didn't refer to me as Milord when I gave you your order."

Oh, shit.

She cleared her throat. "Yes, Milord."

When she faced the chair again, she lowered herself so that her belly was on the cushion. With her hands shackled behind her back, it wasn't easy, but she managed to get her head and shoulders over one side, her hair hanging in her face, her ass sticking up in the air.

"Good girl." His voice slid over her skin like satin.

She turned her head just enough that she saw him select the ankle shackles next. As he knelt to fasten them to her ankles, hobbling her, the pounding in her chest grew more intense.

The next thing he did was pick up the scarf she had dropped somewhere along the way after her erotic dance.

He brought it toward her and knelt. Her mouth watered at how close his very erect cock was to her mouth.

"What are you going to do with that, Milord?" her voice wavered.

His voice dropped to a purr. "Keep you from crying out or screaming loud enough for the people in the other rooms to hear."

In an instant he had her gagged.

Oh, my god.

He reached up for another scarf and before she knew what he was doing, he blindfolded her.

Heart beating so fast it almost hurt, she wriggled and made a sound of protest. He laughed and he slapped her on the ass. "You are my slave tonight, Alyson Charmaine."

But then his voice grew more serious. "Since you obviously can't have a safe word right now, how about a signal with your fingers. Show me what you'd like your signal to be.

Alyson flipped him off and he laughed. Damn, but he had a sexy laugh.

"Okay. Got it." He was still chuckling. "If you flip me the bird we stop."

She forced herself to relax. Was she nuts? Sure, she'd wanted sex with a stranger, but she felt so vulnerable and helpless.

And god help her, so turned on that her thighs were slick with moisture.

She heard him rustling around in the box. Not being able to see what he would do to her next heightened all her senses.

The thought made blood rush in her ears from both fear and the thrill of being taken like this.

Pressure on her anus made her startle. "That's right, baby." He slowly began to push the thick plug into her ass. "You're doing great."

The coolness of the gel mixed with the initial pain as the plug slid in. Her eyes watered behind her blindfold, but as her anus became adjusted to the plug, she felt a sense of fullness, pleasure even.

He moved away from her and she heard more rustling. "Good, there's ice with the champagne."

Ice?

"It shouldn't take too long to cool," he said. "I'll just leave that in for a bit." What the hell was he talking about? Next came the rustling of ice cubes, then the click of a switch and the hum of a vibrator.

Yeah, she knew her way around one of those.

Greg knelt behind her and pushed her legs apart, as far as they would go with the hobbles, and her pussy spasmed as he brushed her folds with the vibrator. He slid it inside her slick core and she cried out behind her gag as the vibrator went deep and

added to the dual sensation of the plug up her ass.

He pushed his body between her thighs. While holding the vibrator inside her with one hand, he reached around and pinched one of her nipples. Alyson moaned and he pinched harder. It hurt then it felt so good. He pinched her other nipple just as hard and her body bucked.

She was so freaking close to orgasm she was about to lose it.

“Don’t come until I give you permission, baby.” He slid the vibrator in and out of her core, taunting her. “Or I’ll have to give you a severe punishment.”

The words barely registered. Alyson thrashed as the vibrator moved in and out of her, the butt plug filled her ass, and Greg continued to pinch her nipples. The chains connecting her ankles rattled and her blindfold and gag somehow made everything more intense.

Greg bit her ass cheek.

She lost it.

The orgasm hit her so hard she saw flashing lights behind her gag. Her body jerked and she fought against her bindings. Her pussy contracted around the vibrator and her anus clenched down on the plug.

Her whole body continued to throb and throb and she felt lightheaded from lying over the edge of the chair.

Greg rubbed his fingers over the spot he’d bitten. “You were a very bad girl, baby. You climaxed without permission and I’m going to have to punish you.”

Chapter Three

Greg smiled as he brought Alyson to a wild orgasm but grimaced as his cock ached even more. The fact that she'd climaxed without his permission meant he got to punish her – and he was looking forward to it.

"Let's get you to your feet." He withdrew the vibrator and set it on the floor. Then he took her by the shoulders and turned her over so that he could sweep her into his embrace and helped her to stand.

As he'd expected, the moment her feet touched the ground her knees buckled and he had to hold her up. She'd have to be lightheaded, not to mention a little boneless from what had to must have been a spectacular orgasm, if the way she had gone wild was any indication.

He held her by the shoulders for a few moments as she got her bearings. Gently kissing her jawline to her ear, he murmured, "Damn, you're beautiful."

A shiver racked Alyson's body and he grinned. He stepped back to admire his handiwork. The fact that she was blindfolded, gagged, and had a butt plug in her ass totally turned him on, and he knew it had to be adding to her own enjoyment. With her eyes covered, he didn't have to hide his pleasure of the situation as a Dom often did when his slave could see him. Or her.

Her skin was flushed and by having her arms shackled behind her back, it caused her breasts to thrust up. He knew exactly what he wanted to do to her nipples.

"Spread your legs as far as you can," he ordered as he pressed on the inside of one of her thighs, close to her heat. With the short chain between her ankles, she could only move them a short distance apart. She moaned when he touched her and he caught the rich smell of her musk mixed with her sunshine and orange blossom scent.

Greg removed his hand and reached into the box to grab the dangly nipple rings.

After he retrieved them, he moved his mouth to one of her breasts and suckled her nipple. A groan rose up behind her gag and she gasped when he bit down on her hard nub. He took one of the dangles, slipped the loop over her nipple and tightened it with the slider, and she moaned. Just tight enough for her to feel a little pain with her pleasure.

He licked and sucked her other nipple, making it just as hard as the other one when he bit down on it. The gag muffled all her groans, cries and moans, but he felt every one of them and that made him even hotter. In a few seconds he had the other nipple ring on and flipped the dangles of each one so that she could feel the tickle of them against her breasts.

When he finished, he said, "On your knees."

Alyson hesitated, but he took her by the shoulders and helped her lower herself to the soft cream-colored carpeting. He reached behind her head and brought her face close to his cock, letting the sensitive head brush her cheek as he took off her gag. Her mouth was a sexy shade of red, and when she moistened her lips it shot a rod of white-hot desire straight through his erection.

He gave an exaggerated sigh. "You allowed yourself pleasure when you weren't supposed to have any, isn't that right?" he said, smiling because she couldn't see him and because of the fun he was going to have punishing her.

"Yes, Milord." Her voice was raspy, no doubt from being gagged for a while.

"Now you'll suck my cock and take me as deep as you can go."

"Yes, Milord." Her sophisticated voice was smoother now, sending electric sensations to his groin.

Greg placed the head of his erection to her lips and she opened for him, taking him inside her warm, moist mouth. A groan rose up in him as he grabbed the back of her head and slowly thrust in and out. "Do you like me fucking your mouth?" It was hard keeping his voice steady, but he managed.

She nodded and sucked harder. He wished right now her hands were free so she

could stroke him, and that she wasn't blindfolded so he could see her beautiful green eyes.

Goddamn she felt so good. The power of an orgasm was rushing toward him when he jerked his cock out of her mouth and his breathing was ragged. He wanted to wait until he fucked her before he climaxed.

But first her punishment.

* * * * *

Alyson was still a little woozy from her over-the-top orgasm, when he brought her to her feet and snapped something to the collar around her throat.

A leash.

Uh-oh.

"Follow me," he said in that authoritative tone he used when he was being all Dom.

"Yes, Milord."

He tugged on the leash and she did her best to follow him, blindfolded and shackled, with a plug up her ass. Now she sort of knew what prisoners felt like when they were hobbled and handcuffed. And here she was.

A prisoner of desire.

She didn't know where he was leading her, but she followed, the sound of the chains clinking and their soft footsteps in the luxurious carpet. Her sharpened senses took in the scents of Christmas all around her—cinnamon, cloves, oranges and pine. The music still played softly in the background, Connick's sensual voice adding to the eroticism of the moment.

They stopped and Greg unhooked the leash from her collar. "On your knees."

"Yes, Milord." She found it easier to call him that, and it made her even more horny.

He helped her to her knees then unfastened the cuffs at her back and the ankle

hobble too. She rotated her shoulders, feeling sore from her hands being cuffed for so long.

The only thing left on her now was the blindfold, the butt plug and the dangly things on her nipples. They hurt, yet felt good all at the same time. She liked how the dangly parts of them caressed her breasts.

In the next moment he took off the blindfold too, and she blinked and squinted. They were in a bedroom and it was still dark, but another fireplace crackled, hissed and popped, and its glow lightened the room a little.

"Lie on the edge of the bed, belly down." He gestured toward a bed that looked heavenly soft with a thick white comforter and lots of fluffy pillows. "I want you half on, half off, so that your ass is in the air."

She was so busy looking at his gorgeous features and body that she almost forgot, but she got out a "Yes, Milord," before she went to the bed. Her heart pounded and her breath caught as he approached her with the flogger in his hand.

When she was lying on the bed, the dangly nipple thingies pressed against her breasts, causing them to ache even more. She trembled a little, but she presented her ass high like he'd ordered her to.

"Do you know why you're being punished?" he said in a hard, controlled voice as he slapped the flogger over his palm.

"Yes, Milord." Heart pounding, her hair slid on the comforter as she nodded. "I climaxed without your permission."

He trailed the flogger over her spine, up between her shoulder blades to her neck. She shivered with every touch of the soft leather thongs. She tensed, anticipating the first snap of the flogger.

"Relax," he said. "Don't scream or cry out or your punishment will be longer."

"Yes, Milord," she said, trying not to be so tense.

The first snap of the flogger caught her off guard and she did cry out. Tears

moistened her eyes as he rubbed the spot with his fingers, bringing pleasure to the burn.

“You know I’ll have to extend your punishment, don’t you?” he said as he removed his fingers.

She fought to keep the tears from her voice. “Yes, Milord.” The tears weren’t just from pain, but from the fact that she was so freaking horny, and all of this was turning her on so much that she didn’t know how much more she could take of it.

Alyson bit down on her lip as Greg flogged her ass. Every time he struck her, he would rub the area making it turn into a slow burn and then pleasure. Combined with the butt plug still up her ass and the rings squeezing her nipples, the flogging was actually bringing her closer to orgasm.

He even flogged her pussy and that made her want to scream out with pleasure. The soft ends of the flogger reached as high as her clit. Just a little more and she’d end up being punished again.

Although this punishment wasn’t too bad – she was totally getting off on it. But she needed Greg to fuck her, and that was driving her crazier than anything.

“Stay here,” he said and the flogger thumped on the floor as he tossed it aside. She remained half on, half off the bed, the plug still in her ass, the dangles smashed into her breasts and her ass burning. And horny beyond belief.

She heard the rattle of ice and turned her head to see one very gorgeous Greg Ellington bringing the ice bucket with the glass cock inside it, a tube of lubricant and a condom package. She had an idea what the glass cock and lube were for and she shivered.

He was finally going to fuck her. *Thank you, thank you, thank you!*

Although the thought of that glass cock did give her some pause.

“On the bed, hands and knees,” he said, and she heard the husky desire in his voice.

"Yes, Milord." Just as much desire was in hers as she crawled up on the bed.

When she was on the bed she saw the dangly things were what she thought were earrings when she first opened the box full of BDSM equipment.

The ice cubes rattled in their tub as he joined her on the bed.

"Are you ready to be fucked, Alyson?" He bent over her and she felt the warmth of his chest against her back, his cock just brushing her folds.

"Yes, Milord." She knew she sounded like she was begging, and she didn't care. She *wanted* him.

"Mmmm..." He trailed his lips down her back and she shivered with every movement of his mouth.

As he kissed his way down her spine, he removed the butt plug and tossed it onto the floor. It surprised her how empty she felt without it inside her. After he reached the small of her back with his lips, he rose up and she heard a soft tearing sound, then the ice cubes rattling.

She looked over her shoulder to see him rubbing the glass cock with lubricant. A Christmas-red condom was already on his cock. The sight of the colorful condom didn't want to make her laugh at all. It made her even wetter and more ready for him.

Greg gave her a wicked grin and her belly flipped. He placed the head of his erection at the entrance to her core, and the tip of the glass cock at her anus.

At the same time he thrust his erection inside her pussy, he gently pushed the glass cock into her ass.

The shock of the ice-cold glass and the feel of his cock inside her almost made her climax at once. He felt so big and filling, and he reached her so deep. The cold glass cock sent another whole set of sensations through her, and the combination was unreal.

Slowly he drove his erection in and out of her at the same time he moved the sex toy in her ass. She felt so full inside and out.

"I can't take any more, baby." He withdrew his erection and the glass cock and

tossed the cock onto the plush carpet. He gripped her hips in both hands. I've got to fuck you now and I've got to fuck you hard."

"Please." It was a moment before she realized she didn't say "Milord" but he didn't seem to care about the role-playing any longer.

He thrust his cock into her so hard she caught her breath and gasped for air.

His grunts and her moans filled the air and her breasts swayed with every slam of his hips against hers. He felt so good. She'd never imagined sex could be like this and she wanted it all. Wanted everything.

He reached around her and gently slipped the rings off her nipples. Immediately, she felt a rush of pleasure and pain in her breasts that nearly made her climax.

Alyson panted and tried to keep her wits about her. But she was slowly losing it. Her whole body tingled and shook.

Her arms buckled and her cheek hit the comforter. Lights swirled in her head, like colorful Christmas lights and decorations.

"That's it," he said. "Come for me again."

His voice sounded distant as blood rushed in her ears and she climaxed a second time.

Greg shouted and she felt the pulse of his cock in her pussy, causing her pussy contractions to become more intense in her core.

They both collapsed on their sides and he held her, her back spooned against his chest.

She swore she heard jingling bells in the distance and the sound of Santa calling out his Christmas greeting.

Chapter Four

Christmas day

"You are most definitely the best Christmas present I've ever received." Greg's deep voice was a silken caress upon her nape, and she shivered as she woke.

Alyson turned in his arms and smiled as she looked into his beautiful blue eyes. "I never expected to get anything like you in my stocking."

He lightly kissed her on the lips. "Shower, then breakfast?"

"Mmmmm..." She pushed a lock of his black hair from his face. "What do you have in mind?"

A grin crept over his face. "I can think of a tasty morsel I'd like to order up."

Alyson couldn't help letting out a giggle then stifled it. Her, Alyson Charmaine, tight-assed corporate lawyer, in bed with a gorgeous stranger and giggling.

Er, she wasn't exactly tight-assed at all anymore. The thought made her giggle again.

Greg swung his legs over the side of the bed and she looked up at him and sighed as he stood. Damn, he was good-looking. Daylight poured through the window, showing his strong features and sculpted body to perfection.

She propped her hand up on her elbow as she looked up at him. "You must work out a lot."

"Part of the daily routine." He gave her a wicked smile. "Last night I got one of the best workouts I've ever had."

Heat rose in Alyson's cheeks. "Just wait until today's routine."

"Can't wait." He held his hand out and she let him help her off the bed and to her feet. She giggled again as he practically dragged her to the shower.

* * * * *

Alyson's senses were sky-high—she smelled oranges and cinnamon along with Greg's musky scent. The music was low and seductive in the background, and the slightest brush of air against her skin was like fire.

They had spent the day cuddling in front of the fire, sharing Christmas stories and talking about their lives, their families. They had made love once in the middle of the day, and it had been sweet and special.

It was evening again. The power had come back on during the night, and the room was lit in a soft glow from one nightstand lamp and firelight. The storm had continued to rage all day and the news reports said it was likely to continue.

They'd just eaten a wonderful dinner from room service of lobster, asparagus, potatoes au gratin, and sautéed mushrooms. Greg had said he had something special in mind for desert.

And now she was lying on the heavenly comforter while he had the basket of goodies on the floor beside the bed.

Waiting for him sent her senses into overdrive.

"Close your eyes," he murmured before he stood. "Promise me you won't open them."

She smiled. "I promise." Their BDSM role-playing the night before had ended once they'd gone to sleep. Today it had been just the two of them experiencing one another in different ways. All had been fulfilling and she'd loved every minute of it.

They had tried to call their families to wish them a Merry Christmas, but the telephone lines were down, and neither of their cell phones was getting any reception.

Alyson was acutely aware of Greg as he rustled in the basket. She almost forgot to breathe when he climbed onto the bed, kneeled between her thighs and brushed his lips through the soft hair of her mound.

Omigod, did she ever want him to lick her clit. She was so wet, so ready for him. But

the maddening man picked up her foot and began kissing her from her toe to her heel, his lips soft and warm, his tongue gently flicking against her skin. He moved his sensual mouth to her ankle, then up to the sensitive skin at the back of her knee, and then the inside of her thighs. He murmured, "Baby, I've never seen anyone look so beautiful as you do right this moment." The way he said it was so damn sexy she thought she'd come just from the sound of his voice.

When he reached her mound he stopped, leaving her dying for him to touch her there. He eased down the comforter and brought his mouth to her other foot, starting the whole process over again.

Alyson kept her eyes closed and whimpered as he moved between her thighs, his agonizingly slow kisses butterfly stokes against her flesh. Again he stopped when he reached her mound, and she almost screamed out loud in frustration. "Greg...*please*."

"The way you say my name is like a caress," he murmured. He shifted on the bed and when he moved between her thighs again, she heard a familiar sound at the same moment she felt something cold and creamy on her right nipple, and then her left.

Whipped cream. Oh, god, he was covering her in whipped cream!

"I love the way you taste," he said, just before he captured her nipple in his mouth.

With a small cry, Alyson arched her back, forcing her nipple more firmly into Greg's mouth. His hands stroked her from her hips to under her breasts as he suckled the cream from first one nipple, then the other.

When he pulled away, she heard the thick sound of whipped cream again, and then felt its chill between her thighs...right on her pussy – followed by his hot tongue.

His mouth and tongue were so fabulous that she couldn't help but cry out and clench the comforter. He anchored her hips with his big hands, holding her tight while he went down on her.

Greg licked away all the cream and then concentrated on Alyson's clit while sliding two fingers into her core. A light sheen of perspiration broke out on her skin as his talented tongue devoured her and he thrust his fingers in and out.

Incredible sensations built up in Alyson, swirling within her, tighter and tighter until she heard only a slight buzzing in her ears, felt only the man's tongue on her pussy...and then her orgasm slammed into her.

Alyson screamed, her body trembling with one aftershock after another. Greg kept licking her, not letting up until she came again. And then again.

Three orgasms? In one sitting? She'd never thought she was multiorgasmic until last night, but then she'd never been with the right man before.

And was Greg *ever* the right man.

A rumble of satisfaction rose in Greg's chest as he moved his lips to Alyson's mouth and kissed her, letting her taste herself on his tongue. Her breathing was hard, her skin flushed and her body still trembling.

"You can open your eyes now." He leaned back and trailed a scarf over her breasts and gazed into the passionate green eyes that were begging him to fuck her. And he intended to give her everything she wanted for Christmas. And more.

"Greg?" She licked her lips. "Did you mean it earlier, when you said we could do anything at all?"

He smiled as she echoed his own thoughts. "Anything."

When he drew away, her gaze darted to the hearth and back to him. "Lie on the carpet. In front of the fireplace."

For a second he stilled, wondering what the fiery vixen had in mind. "All right." He brushed his lips over hers. "Your every Christmas wish is my command."

Alyson grinned, a mischievous light in her eyes that showed the spunk within. "Go on then." She waved him toward the fireplace then turned to dig into the basket on the floor. "Close your eyes," she instructed while her back was to him.

Greg settled onto the thick carpet, his hands behind his head and his cock so hard for Alyson that he didn't know if he could wait much longer to be deep inside her

again.

“Are your eyes closed?” Her voice sounded hesitant and unsure, and damned if that didn’t make her even sexier.

As he closed his eyes, he tried to relax. “Yeah.”

He heard the light sound of her footfalls as she crossed the carpet, then felt her presence as she settled next to him. She draped a silk scarf across his eyes and brushed a kiss over his mouth. Her breath feathered upon his lips, her sunshine and orange blossom scent washing over him like a warm afternoon in Spain.

With his eyes closed, he was more in tune with the sound of her breathing, the crackle and pop of the fireplace, the beat of his own heart. Alyson trailed another scarf down his chest, the caress of silk over his body enough to make him groan in anticipation.

She knelt between his legs, her knees pressed against the inside of his thighs, and he heard the sound of a jar opening. The next thing he knew, something cool and sticky was being poured over his cock, from the tip down to his balls...and he smelled chocolate. The woman had just drizzled fudge over him.

And he hoped she intended to clean every bit of it up.

Her chocolate-covered fingers gripped his shaft, and then Alyson’s tongue flicked along his cock, like a cat licking up cream. His cock jerked at the indescribable feel of her sweet tongue and mouth as she sucked and licked the fudge from him.

Greg groaned again as he slid his fingers into her hair and fisted his hands in the silken strands. As her mouth slid over his length, the soft purring sounds she made vibrated through his cock, driving him closer and closer to climax. She worked his shaft with her hand while taking him deep to the back of her throat.

“Alyson.” His breathing was harsh, sweat beading on his skin. “I’m going to come.”

She purred louder, taking him unbelievably deeper. His balls drew up, his muscles corded, and his orgasm slammed into him with the force of the blizzard raging outside.

After Alyson had swallowed every bit of his semen, she moved up and straddled his waist, her soft pussy pressed against his belly. She slid the scarf from his face, and when he opened his eyes he saw her looking at him from beneath her lashes. "You taste so good, Greg."

Damned if the woman didn't make him hard again, just by her sexy voice and smile.

With a growl, he grabbed her around the waist and flipped her onto her back. Alyson shrieked in surprise and then giggled as he moved between her thighs. But when he pressed his cock against her slit, and her eyes met his, her laughter stopped.

She slid her fingers into his short hair. "You're already hard again."

"Mmm." He rocked his hips against hers as he looked into her brilliant green eyes. A feeling surged through him, one that he'd never felt before. That he'd finally met his soul mate. "Where have you been all this time, Alyson Charmaine?" he whispered.

Her heart stuttered then beat at a steady, fast pace. "I've been waiting." She brought her hands to his cheeks, his stubble coarse against her sensitive palms. "For you, Greg Ellington."

His blue eyes were intense, simmering with untamed desire as she caressed his face and murmured, "I need to feel you inside me."

She wrapped her thighs around his waist and he thrust his cock into her, burying himself deep within her core. The feeling of having him inside was excruciatingly wonderful, so incredible that she never wanted it to end.

Greg's gaze never left hers as he rocked within her, filling her like she'd never been filled before. Alyson raked her nails across his back, reveling in the feel of his muscles beneath her fingertips. His elemental scent enveloped her, his sweat-slick skin sliding against hers.

"More," she begged. "I want to feel you harder. Deeper."

He hooked his arms under her knees and raised her ankles so that they were around his neck, and thrust into her harder and faster. Alyson moved her hands to his powerful thighs, gripping them tight as he fucked her.

His jaw clenched and she felt her orgasm begin. She started to close her eyes, but he said, "Look at me, Alyson. I want to see your eyes when you come."

Her body trembled and her muscles contracted, and then she screamed as she reached the pinnacle.

With a shout, Greg came hard, thrusting his cock in and out of her until he collapsed into her arms. He rolled to the side, his cock still embedded in her pussy, and cradled her in his arms.

She felt warm and incredible and safe. And she never wanted the moment to end.

Chapter Five

New Year's Eve

One Week Later

Greg clicked off the television with the remote and nuzzled Alyson's neck, enjoying her sunshine and orange blossom scent. They'd decided to spend the week together in the hotel, even after the blizzard ended and they could have parted ways. They felt such a tremendous connection that they didn't want to sever too fast.

He'd learned everything he could about her—that her favorite food was Thai, she loved photography and water-skiing, she was a corporate lawyer but bored with her life, and she had a huge family who had been trying—unsuccessfully—to get her to settle down and marry.

Thank god for small favors.

In turn he'd shared things with her about his life that he'd never shared with anyone. His hopes, his dreams, even his disappointments.

He nipped at her earlobe and covered her breast with his hand.

"Again?" Alyson laughed, her eyes still closed, her tone husky with sleep. The sound of her voice never failed to thrill him, and made him want her even more every day they were together.

"Always." He smiled as he propped his head on one hand and studied her beautiful face as he toyed with one of her nipples. Her blonde hair was spread out across her pillow, her eyelashes dark crescents against her ivory skin. "I have to go to Spain. I can't postpone it any longer."

Alyson opened her eyes and looked up at Greg, her smile fading. "You're leaving then?"

"Yes." He raised her hand to his mouth and kissed her knuckles, his gaze still

focused on her eyes. "Will you come with me?"

She blinked, an expression of wonder crossing her face. "To your villa in Spain?"

Greg reached beside him, where he'd set the Christmas stockings he had investigated earlier, while Alyson had been asleep. He handed her the one with the embroidered A and smiled as she gave him a questioning look.

He didn't say a word, just waited as she slid her hand inside the velvet stocking. Alyson's green eyes were wide as she withdrew the airline ticket. Her eyes grew even wider when she read the ticket and said aloud, "It's a ticket to Spain...and it has my name and tomorrow's date."

She looked at him, her features stunned with amazement. "How did you manage this?"

"I didn't." Greg withdrew his own ticket from his stocking labeled with a G and handed it to Alyson. "These were in the stockings. I never thought to look in them until today."

"Do you think perhaps Santa planned this?" She waved her hand, as if to encompass the entire suite. "For you...and me..."

Her voice trailed off as Greg caught her chin in his hand and brought his lips to hers. "All I know is," he murmured, "I got all I wanted for Christmas when I got you."

About the Author

USA Today Bestselling Author Cheyenne McCray has a passion for sensual romance and a happily-ever-after, but always with a twist. Among other accolades, Chey has been presented with the prestigious Romantic Times BOOKreviews Reviewers' Choice Award for "Best Erotic Romance of the Year". Chey is the award-winning novelist of eighteen books and nine novellas.

Chey has been writing ever since she can remember, back to her kindergarten days when she penned her first poem. She always knew one day she would write novels, hoping her readers would get lost in the worlds she created, as she did when she was lost in a good book. Cheyenne enjoys spending time with her husband and three sons, traveling, and of course writing, writing, writing.

Cheyenne welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

Also by Cheyenne McCray

Blackstar: Future Knight

Castaways

Erotic Invitation

Erotic Stranger

Erotic Weekend

Hearts Are Wild *anthology*

Return to Wonderland 1: Lord Kir of Oz – with Mackenzie McKade

Return to Wonderland 2: Kalina's Discovery – with Mackenzie McKade

Seraphine Chronicles 1: Forbidden

Seraphine Chronicles 2: Bewitched

Seraphine Chronicles 3: Spellbound

Seraphine Chronicles 4: Untamed

Things That Go Bump In the Night 3 *anthology*

Vampire Dreams – with Annie Windsor

Wild 1: Wildfire

Wild 2: Wildcat

Wild 3: Wildcard

Wild 4: Wild Borders

Wonderland 1: King of Hearts

Wonderland 2: King of Spades

Wonderland 3: King of Diamonds

Wonderland 4: King of Clubs



Discover for yourself why readers can't get enough of the multiple award-winning publisher Ellora's Cave. Whether you prefer e-books or paperbacks, be sure to visit EC on the web at www.ellorascave.com for an erotic reading experience that will leave you breathless.

www.ellorascave.com